With juice of curſed Hebona in a Viall,
And in the porches of my eares did poure
The leprous diſtilment, whoſe effect
Holds ſuch an enmity with blood of man,
That ſwift as Quick-ſilver it courſes through
The naturall gates and allies of the body,
And with a ſudden vigour it doth poſſeſſe
And curd, like eager droppings into milke,
The thin and wholſome blood; ſo did it mine,
And a moſt inſtant Tetter barkt about
Moſt Lazar-like, with vile and loathſome cruſt
All my ſmooth body.
Thus was I ſleeping, by a brothers hand,
Of life, of Crowne, of Queene at once diſpatcht,
Cut off even in the bloſſomes of my ſinne,
Unnuzled, diſappointed, un-anueld,
No reckoning made, but ſent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.
Oh horrible, O horrible, moſt horrible,
If thou haſt nature in thee beare it not,
Let not the royall bed of *Denmarke* be
A couch for Luxury and damned Inceſt.
But howſomever thou purſueſt this act,
Taint not thy minde, nor let thy ſoule contrive
Againſt thy mother ought, leave her to heaven,
And to thoſe thornes that in her boſome lodge,
To pricke and ſting her: fare thee well at once,
The Gloworme ſhewes the matine to be neere,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectuall fire:
Adieu, adieu, adieu, remember me.
Ham. O all you hoſt of heaven! O earth! what elſe?
And ſhall I couple hell? O fie! hold my heart,
And you my ſinewes, grow not inſtant old,
But beare me ſwiftly up; remember thee!
I thou poore Ghoſt, whiles memory holds a ſeat
In this diſtracted Globe: remember thee!
Yea, from the table of my memorie
Ile wipe away all triviall fond records,

All

All ſaw of bookes,
That youth and obſ
And thy command
Within the booke
Unmixt with baſer
O moſt pernicious
O villaine, villaine,
My tables, meet it
That one may ſmile
At leaſt I am ſure i
So uncle there you
It is adieu, adieu, r
I have ſworne't.
Hora. My Lor
Mar. Lord *Ha*
Hora. Heavens
Ham. So be it.
Mar. Illo, ho,
Ham. Hillo, ho
Mar. How is't
Ham. O wonde
Hor. Good my
Ham. No, you
Hora. Not I my
Mar. Nor I my
Ham. How ſay
But you'll be ſecre
Both. I by heave
Ham. There's
Dwelling in all *D*
But hee's an arran
Hora. There ne
To tell us this.
Ham. Why righ
And ſo without m
I hold it fit that w
You as your buſin
For every man ha

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